The Waves.

First draft

The Waves.
June 15th
1930

NYPL

Part one.

Childhood in the garden.
The gradual wakening. No breath of trouble.
The beginning with pure sensations.
Then the children can describe the house.
Then as the sun rises; Louis can
go into the garden & soliloquise. Who am I
where.
Jinny kisses him.
Susan cries.
Bernard goes with her to the wood.
The end of ~~youth~~ childhood.
To end with a general description of the
And there must be the separate experiences
growth of the children: The rhythm of the
waves must be kept going all the time.

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Rhoda's dream – thinking of things – cool tumbler –
having shed the burden – being the other members.
I sleep. – I take high walk –
Dream come strange sensation – more
the colours into the sea –
It seems to me that the room ought very
gradually to be illuminated; & at
the end of the book there ought to be
a figure discernible – or none.
no divisions at all.
To go in & out from school to school.
The Chapel: } Boys.
love in the grass }
The period. } Girls
Love for other girls }
Description of mates
of mistresses
we have been turned out completely }

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Louis. The boys in the brake.
The boasting boys.
Their horror:

Neville. They have gone — so beautiful.
So disagreeable.

Bernard The story of the Dr. & his wife.

Louis Mr Sale.
Dreams.

66 Loneliness had their alcove.

Neville at the door sees "it."
~~Rhoda~~. Susan dream.
Jinny: unable to pass a puddle.
Rhoda in schoolroom.

The first day of the holidays:
The boys — Bernard. bought his ticket.
Louis who has no natural happiness
Neville. landing at Paddington.
Jinny sees her reflection in the window.
Rhoda

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Neville - Loneliness & the broken glove.

I w. almost go to nature

Susan. Loneliness & nature. how she longs to escape.

Then the dream in the library.

The last day of the summer holidays.

Susan.

Jinny

Rhoda,,

~~Neville~~

Bernard & N. & L. in the same carriage -

B. has gone on.

College: Bernard alone in his room.

Neville by the river: must see Percival.

Bernard meets him.

They talk about his poetry.

Louis thinks of them in an A.B.C.

his vision of the unity of everything.

we must press together, understand.

London:

Jinny & Rhoda at an evening party;

Jinny's rapture. Rhoda looks out of the window. thinks of the lonely.

Susan in the country.

→ Part one. School. College. London.

2060

16,800

NYPL

340
280

2720
680

9520
16000

7920

Bernard in friendship. I have received this poem - I will press flowers between the pages of the sonnets. This is the poetry like hers. I would look out of the window. It grows late. The chorus. The drinking song. Flapping blinds. ~~we~~ Neville hears it too. Louis would hate it. He is in London after Louis, Susan, in the country. The light on the cabbages suggests London: Jinny & Rhoda. Then the party. Love etc.

Then death..

Then

Sept. 15th — The party

Straight on to Neville. He is punctual. in order to see Percival come in The table - The restaurant The sense of Percival coming

Then they all come..

Jinny strikes everybody motionless.

The waiter: makes a frame

That they should say things to correspond with the waves: & the ~~fallen~~ illumination of the house.

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Now we have to the sugar the sweetest.
The other people. The amusement.
Rashness. Look at them — far from
being happy. They are less happy.
They are going home to set in seed
up something for a squirrel.
~~...~~ A dreadful decadence.
She has been given her desire:
spontaneous joy. He will
never give me anything else.
They are only mechanical.
They do this because other people do it.
And a small flight in her mind:
or perhaps: she has put her sheets
or words out. Somehow they
have not conformed completely.

Look, at peril: look at Freya.
How you have lost. Look at this
fruit. The colour. The excitement
& solidity of everything.

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1930

The death Chapter:

Neville has the actual personal loss.
Now let pain begin: let it feed on my flesh.

Bernard has the speculative, but humane sorrow, which is half joy: a rubbed off among other human beings

Rhoda has the entirely visionary ideal sorrow: an image: which she tries to verify by exposing them to actual experience.

How you will haunt my dreams - how sleep will be more beautiful.

=

It should be kept simple & large.. the rhythmic design should dominate the facts. Only one or two scenes.

28th Oct

x Rhoda dislikes crude life: regains her sense of beauty at the concert: of order of reason:
How can one make this alone?
I cant go to Hampton Court alone

" Bernard will enter under the phrases fit for use on a friend's death.

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Neville would say "Who is passing the window? What lovely boy?"
The ships at Greenwich that go out to sea.
The walk when there seems to be a reason.

Life Chapter.

I have signed my own name, said Louis, ten times over. I am imposing myself.. This is Louis.
The maps on the walls, with the steeples. The typists & flying carbon paper. The set in the world they are one sees the city churches. Life itis this our greatness.

Susan

Jinny

~~Woman~~ The middle ages. habits.
Neville widows.
Another love.

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Nov: 3rd
1930.

Scheme for the remainder of the Waves.

Life chapter:

Louis: — Cradle scene.
Susan: —
Jinny: — Love scene.

Middle age.

Bernard the world
Neville. private life —
Susan. ? her dreams.
Rhoda/prelude to death.

Hampton Court —

Chorus: as they go back to London.

Then the phantom dinner party when the others are not present: but only Bernard, & he sums up all their lives & becomes part of them.

Then the general death.

?

And [illegible] in the nursery, said Susan:

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Nov: 3rd
1930.

Scheme for the remainder of the Waves.

Life chapter:
Louis: Susan: Cradle scene.
Jinny: Love scene.

Middle age.
Bernard the world
Neville. private life.
~~Susan.~~ ? her dreams.
Rhoda / prelude to death.

Hampton Court.

Chorus. as they go back to London.

Then the phantom dinner party when the others they are not present: but only Bernard, & he sums up all their lives & becomes part of them.

Then the general death.

And ? to sit in the nursery, said Susan:

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Neville's love scene: the private life:
~~the~~ sitting in a room with one other person.
books read under that light.

Then The Waves.

Then middle age.
Bernard
Susan.
Neville.

Rhodas prelude to death.

Hampton Court.

- middle age.

That there are waves, a rhythm in life, by wh
life is marked; a rounding off. wh has
nothing to do with ~~facts,~~ events. a
natural breaking.
Then the fresh philosophy must be found.
like the falling of a drop. It falls.
One observes these rhythms in oneself.
[This to contrast with the spectral
landscape wh. becomes visible in the
last chapter]

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Middle age might be staged in different parts of Europe. Italy; Spain; some unheard of Jungle or island — but not too vague.

—

Bernard in Rome.
He went there to round off a drop.
But not to be a tour — Not to look at ruins, or views.

Rhoda climbing a mountain in Spain.

Neville meeting Mr. Lincoln Sq.

Jinny in the Fields.

They go into the garden.
The different sense of time.
How natural it is to say
William riding home fell over a molehill — when one has been thinking in millions of years.

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One thinks of a crown — why is a King like a gold teapot.

"Look at life hanging before us at Hampton Court" said Jinny. "Let us put it from us, look at it as something outside us. How beautiful.

The thought of death must come in. What an apparition it is.

Then the others go on.
Life sings its best song. The nightingale the wren — &c.
What a song they sing to love —
We who observe things without being part of them.

The character of Marlborough is immensely important, because without Marlborough we should have been — like Rhoda — vassals of the French King.

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The last Chapter.

What there needs is some conflict, so that there can be an end. Death I think must come in as the antagonist. Must be an argument between them.

There should be interludes.

Now the memoir Letting in the plan I perceived the enemy.

I summoned my forces.

Life is a conflict.

Who am I

What rocking waters we stand in when our indeterminate mists

(This story that I have been composing with some ease, taking for us, now seems and a fray.

Percival. Now there is no symmetry.

Here there is ~~only a path safely kept he walk~~.

You know how one one finds one foot down a step? A sudden fall? Now that is experience. And

He There should be music There should be be those gall delightful sounds. They should be flown at night to the

The train stopped & the nightingale went on singing.

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We then [illegible] out of Chapel where I had collected a number of valuable phrases. to put in my note book.

I sat there with Neville. Larpent, Lewis, & . . . But Lord! How we change — rhythm . . . &c.

Do you know I am so rapt by this — extraordinary thing that my eyes are full of tears? And you can't care very much. It seems to me that I am telling you something so true — I need the letter language. What's the use of phrases?

1931 3rd Jan

That there shd. be a good many breaks. Why I remember this scene at the party is because I then solidified — was somebody: my [illegible] was qualified. less transparent. A shell grows over one. The struggle: the ceiling.

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Why do you put people into the world to suffer
so horribly —
No — why do you put people into the world
to become so indifferent?
Why not end this history now?
~~What~~ This is the end of a chapter ??
as I step into my drawing room. &
hear that my wife has slept well. & my
son is asleep. So will I be very quiet
going upstairs?
Rhoda & Louis — they never pretend that
something else will do instead. They
experience, incalculable. ~~And~~
They don't marry. Copulate, carry on the
race, & put their sons' names down for
Eton.
But you haven't read me aright
when you perceive that these are my
drama. The sense of effort as a
hill: the recovering strength.
(always a little painful anxiety that
remains outside the thunderstorm of
childbirth or death by falling
from a horse)

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Nevertheless I sometimes doubt after that experience
whether the whole duty of man is to reproduce
his kind.
Science.
Philosophy.
Children.
The race again.
Curiosity.
The laughter of the gods.
Home life.

He who is to Nevill.
have been walking the streets:
Socially –
Then say this is the life I lived
as an individual.
Now I come to the non-individual.

A refrain:
Life is pleasant, life is good:
& as one loses one's sense of
individuality. This also very
amusing.
We only dominate when we make
phrases.
Politics
& the shock of perpetual contrasts of
perspectives.

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The perspective against wh. we see life—
is it the stars, or the woods of Elvedon
or the British Empire?

I have never been able to 'see' for long: hence
I only make phrases.

That the novel changed when the perspective
changed:

And I'm not a preacher.

=

The order should be this:
Goes into the room & realises her own fate as
Mortals: has lost her egotism.
Goes to Neville & discusses books.
Goes to Louis & discusses the world
politics:
Then the question arises which life is best?
This is discussed at Hampton Court.
But they also see their lives against
time; against eternity:; they ~~ask~~ see
the six sided flower. They ask
what can survive?
Then the sense of loneliness again—conflict.
Then the complete dying out of identity.
Then its return.
The walk through the streets.
The idea of death: To be fought. Then

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Then is sorrow — not finding Percival.

Then to Louis & Rhoda.

Their relationships. Their limitations:

Then the party at H. Court.

Then the other perspective.

What have we kept?

The vision of life.

The
must be written with boldness & vigour.

I ask you, what is the meaning of life?

What force has made us take these ways?

The walk (after arriving at Waterloo)

Wandering &c.

Then the loss of identity.

Then the return

The wave falls.

He wakes.

Death

O solitude.

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30 Jan. Is this then the beginning of death? I asked myself.

The fall of the wave, differently.

The walk across London

And how much they all paint a street, a figure.

The beginning of Content.

I was thinking to myself and wonder I tell the story of my life - how and. I

And who am I?

I'm so many things

I'm made of death & food.

And now I become something else.

Death.

I have been aware again.

I am now aware of something else.

I am speaking to somebody else —

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I can worship the look of common things. I can hear through another an actual ear, the sea.
I can see things. I can hear songs—
I have read so much. ~~I can~~
Then I have only to look at the stars: or to turn, & somebody makes a new extraordinary arrangement, tempts me with the perpetual question.

Far far away I hear the fall of the wave on the beach
Sometimes I think I have escaped identity: that I am free.
But you recall me.
The vague general human face.
You see me in my own body.
Here.
Here & now where.
Thank the Lord.
Now the prodigious adventure begins again.
Alone.

O death

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How strange things are when we see them alone.

Oh the infinite torture of human life & its
passion & we must be this & we must do
that & be that & there no escape — none!